

THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

By THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS — Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, \$1 per year in advance.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.



Monday, March 12, 1906.

Pending further developments, will the mayor come to a realization of the desirability of a chief of police, or will he continue the grandstand act?

A New York collector of scraps has left a fortune of \$50,000. That is not surprising. Jim Jeffries has made more than that by collecting scraps.

Congress proposes to make a sweeping investigation of all railroads. One object for the investigation is doubtless to ascertain why some of the railroads no longer furnish passes to congressmen.

Does it mean peace? The naval expenditure of the great powers has increased 50 per cent since The Hague conference in 1899 — a mere seven years. We shall know perhaps within seven years more.

Elsworth Decraence has been pardoned from the South Dakota penitentiary after serving 12 years for stealing a mail pouch which contained one cent. Serves him right for stealing a "little thing" like a penny!

Secretary Taft is fortunate in occupying a position that he can resign at any moment. He is only a member of the cabinet, and when he gets tired he can quit as quickly as he can wire his resignation. He will, however, stick so long as he receives his salary regularly and possesses the other facilities for making money.

General Shafter, who commanded the American forces in the Cuban war, has expressed himself frankly about our expected trouble with China. He says we have too few soldiers near enough to the flower empire to be of any use, but our navy would help us out in trouble. With Shafter in command an army of two millions of men might be of little advantage, but our small navy with Dewey at its head would be effective.

The farmers have finally awakened up. After long suffering they have resolved to strike in their own defense. They want a dollar a bushel for their wheat and prices in proportion for other agricultural products. At Indianapolis a society of farmers numbering about twenty thousand resolved to fight for better prices, and among them they are said to control the product of the farmers. What will become of the people who consume the truck produced by the farmers?

A short time ago, the mayor of Rock Island defied The Argus to furnish information to the state's attorney of the existence of places in Rock Island where women were harbored, as a basis of impeaching him in his high office. The information is at hand—but it was not necessary for The Argus to furnish it. This paper does not claim credit for what it does not do. The glory belongs to the state's attorney and to the sheriff of Rock Island county. Let their good work continue.

State's Attorney and Sheriff Do the Calling?

Some few months ago, when The Argus took occasion to comment on the fact that the present mayor of Rock Island in indulging in Sunday morning parades in pursuit of his vehement policy of wreaking vengeance upon the liquor interests because his course of action in respect to gambling had proven deficient and lacking, was permitting more glaring evils to go untouched, the executive, so-called, lost his head and did some things which, upon sober reflection, he regretted. One of the things he did in the heat of passion was to indulge in a cheap bluff, in which, under the caption of "calling, calling, called," he defied The Argus to produce evidence of the existence of dives in Rock Island harboring women. He further demanded that The Argus lodge complaint with the state's attorney as to the conditions complained of and urged it to undertake to impeach him on those grounds.

The Argus' reply was that it was not an informant, in the sense of furnishing detailed information to public officials who ought to know their duties, but that the information the mayor then desired as to the actual existence of places harboring women could

be had on application. The opportunity, however, was not availed of.

While since that time the evils then referred to have gone on undisturbed, and there has been no move so far as the city is concerned to check them, The Argus has not deviated one iota from its position. In the meantime the mayor has been over in Davenport making a speech in which he expatiated on the high moral administration he was giving Rock Island—"in spite of the newspapers"—and advising the people of that city to follow his example if they wanted a moral town. And yet the actual state of affairs here became so glaring that finally county officials took the matter up, and the result was Saturday night's raid. Acting under instructions from State's Attorney Scott, Sheriff Heider started out to pull the places which, it was a notorious fact, were harboring women.

Sheriff Heider was well along with his crusade when the self-appointed chief of police heard what was going on, and to apply the slang phraseology, "got busy," too. He did not need the sheriff for a guide. It was simply a case of beating the county official to it, so to speak, from that on. There was no difficulty on the part of the police in locating the places that the sheriff had not already reached. The sheriff had the lead, however, and, despite the fact that the mayor-chief could have had the advantage that should have come to him several nights ago in the instance of the Twentieth street joint, where women were shown to be hanging out, he was a poor second in the race. It was merely, after all, another grandstand exhibition. The result of it all was that three dozen arrests were made, there were no protests on the part of the prisoners, all pleaded guilty and all were fined on the spot.

And of the conditions that were found to exist!

The Argus has but to repeat that to its mind the resort that harbors women will do more harm to society, and to the city's moral condition and reputation in one night than all the legitimate saloons in the city running seven days a week the year round. The saloon will continue to exist despite variance of opinion and conscientious opposition. But the dive that harbors women and girls has no defense. It is a curse to both sexes. The saloon may be and should be regulated, but the dive can only be suppressed.

And at this particular writing, does further comment seem actually necessary, beyond mention of the fact that there has been some "calling" and that county officials have done it?

And that the information that the little mayor desired as a basis of impeachment is at hand—and that it is official.

Wild Game Nearly Gone.

Each succeeding year the struggle to protect wild game in Illinois must and will grow more desperate. While the disappearance of the game is a sad story, yet it writes in bird-blood the history of the rush of civilization. In time the game will be so crowded out of existence that the question may arise whether the heavy expense incurred in its protection warrants the state in maintaining such an expensive department.

But there is none who wishes to have wild game disappear entirely. An authority on this subject has written that there comes a time in the history of game birds when their scarcity is their strongest protection. A case of this kind occurred in 1870, says the Illinois State Register, when for the first time hunting parties became unprofitable. For more than 20 years they dwindled along without their numbers being sensibly increased, then hunting them would have been resumed. If it had been possible for their numbers to multiply it would have been done. The colossal impediments which are ranged against their increase are far beyond the scope of any laws we may form. This generation builds the sepulchre of the grouse family more surely than any generation ever builded or can build after today. Nothing short of immense parks and reserves owned and operated by government or syndicates that can monopolize large areas of prairie land, and can resist the burden of taxation and preservation can, for a moment, think of game. The Englishman, with English habits and money to spare, might reconstruct them from the lands from which they have been driven, but the chart which the American people have wrought out is heavy with dark lines which betray their certain extinction.

While the efforts of the game department of the state to prevent violation of the present game laws have been somewhat successful, the State Register is impressed by the fact that the large number of violators found indicates that there is a woeful absence of true sportsmanship among certain classes of nimrods. There seems to be a mercenary spirit broadcast over the state—a desire to convert the few birds there are alive into cash.

Under such conditions game laws however drastic can but partially cope with the situation, for the trappers and gunners will get the game in spite of all that can be done.

The giant hand of modern development has its cruel ways after all, and none is more pathetic to the lover of wild game than the crowding out of this state of the birds for which Illinois has long been famous—game which once made Illinois its most happy home and nest.

Success is stamped on every package. It is the most successful remedy known. It makes you well, and keeps you well. That's what Hillister's Rocky Mountain Tea does. 25 cents; tea or tablets. T. H. Thomas' pharmacy.

DAILY SHORT STORY

THE SAVIOR OF A CITY.

(Original.)
Among the early followers of William Penn to this country was a young couple who called themselves Wehrenstein. They showed a great difference in refinement from the other settlers, the wife especially indicating by her manner and a certain fineness of physical texture that she had come from the better classes. That they were German was indicated by their name.

That was a period when Europe was in continual warfare, the main causes being the issues between the two religious divisions, Catholics and Protestants. In one of these wars the capital of one of the principal German states was invested by the emperor, who represented the Catholic party. The burghers awaited the enemy's attack behind their breastworks, knowing that their existence both as individuals and as a people depended on their successful defense, for in those days it was not uncommon on capturing a city to put the inhabitants to the sword. As soon as the advancing force came within striking distance the besieged poured a terrible fire in their faces, but without the effect of arresting their onward march. Moving on to the very ramparts, they carried them at the point of their pikes. The leader of the defenders was killed, and all seemed lost when a young officer, grasping a flag that lay on the ground beside the dead body of the man who had borne it and raising it aloft, cried out to his comrades to meet death like men, since they must die, and not wait to be butchered. The effect was magical. Forming as best they could about their new leader, they dashed forward with the fury of despair. The enemy, who were climbing over the breastworks, were checked, then retreating gave way and chambered back over the walls and fled down the declivity.

The city was saved. But there was a damper on the rejoicings. The young officer who had turned the tide, who had given the people their lives, had fallen desperately wounded. He was put on a stretcher and carried to a hospital, where the doctors did what they could to save him. This was not much; the question of his life lay with nature. He was so far gone as to be unconscious, and they finally left him, expecting that he would soon die.

Meanwhile the city was ringing with the sufferer's praise, and as the surgeons went out they were beset with anxious inquiries regarding him, to which they could only respond without comfort. The unconscious hero lay in a stupor for hours, then groaned and opened his eyes. Near him sat a young girl who was evidently a nurse.

"Is the city saved?" he cried, with as much vigor as he could command.

"It is, and you are considered its savior."

The man closed his eyes again and fell back into unconsciousness.

Six weeks later a ceremony was held at the palace. The sovereign gave an audience to the hero, who had recovered, at which a gold medal was to be presented to him on one side of which was his name, on the other an inscription—"To the savior of the city." As the prince was about to bestow the honor the girl who had nursed the soldier back to life stepped forward from behind the throne and said:

"Sir, I ask the honor of placing this medal on our hero's breast."

"It is granted," replied the prince. "You have been one of the most faithful of those ladies of our court who volunteered to nurse our soldiers."

As the girl attached the decoration it was plain to all present who saw the loveliness in the eyes of both her and the soldier that they were lovers. The young man by virtue of his heroism was permitted to spend some time with his former nurse, who he now discovered was a connection of the prince. There is a great gulf fixed between royal and plebeian blood, and the couple knew that even the savior of a city could not aspire to the hand of a princess. But the young man was as daring in love as in war, and when the girl told him that separation from him would be far worse than death he said:

"Are you willing to resign your rank for me?"

"I am."

"Then go with me to that far country beyond the Atlantic, where those who would be free from our European injustices are making themselves new homes. There live unknown as a princess of the blood. But the new world is a barbarous country full of danger. Instead of the flattery of courtiers you will hear the war whoop of savages. Choose."

"I have chosen. I will go with you."

When a few months later a plainly dressed bride descended from a ship and stepped on to the dock at Philadelphia those looking on were struck with the high born air that clung to her even in the wilds of America. The couple called themselves Wehrenstein, which was an assumed name. Nothing of the hero who had saved the city remained to the man; nothing of the princess remained to the woman, except a bearing neither could lay off. To the Quakers they were simply German immigrants who had come, like most of the rest of the population, to escape either persecution for conscience's sake or to hide some disgrace. Since the Wehrensteins seemed to have no strong religious prejudices, the former view in their case for awhile remained, though it made no difference in the treatment they received. When some years after their arrival the man saved the inmates of a blockhouse from massacre by Indians he was considered a hero. But no one knew that he had saved a city.

HELEN V. TURNER.

H. & H. GROCERY MARKET H. & H.

THE store that's always busy, the big daylight store, the clean sanitary store, the store where quality comes first, but where prices are always lowest, the store where those who are particular about their table supplies (and most people are) can find all they want of the highest quality of eatables, a store which absolutely shuns all adulterations. You will see many good reasons in this advertisement why this should be your supply house. Prices quoted are good for all this week.

Chase & Sanborn's celebrated special blend Mocha and Java coffee, four lbs. for \$1, single lb. 27c

Quaker Oats, Egg-O-See, Malta Vita, Price's Food and Vigor, four packages 29c

Calumet Baking Powder, lb. cans 15c

Canned Tomatoes, three cans for 25c

Strictly Fresh Eggs, per dozen 15c

Baker's Premium Chocolate, two 20c cakes for 25c

IF you are not already a customer at the H. & H. market, it's time to start now. All customers can buy and have delivered with their grocery orders any day this week:

One sack Best Sleepy Eye Flour, per sack \$1.00

5 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar for 10c

Five 1-lb prints Best Wisconsin Creamery Butter for \$1.30

Five 1-lb prints Best Elgin Creamery Butter for \$1.40

10-lb. sk. Yellow or White-Cornmeal, sk 12c

Baker's Cocoa, 25c cans, large size, per can 16c

Lyndon Canned Corn, per doz \$1.18

Lyndon Canned Peas, per doz \$1.49

Standard Corn, per can 5c, per doz 53c

Star Tobacco, per lb 39c

10-lb pail Kohrs' or Gilmore's Best Lard 98c

Best regular Hams, Gilmore's, Kohrs' or Armour's Star Brand, 12½c

California Picnic Hams, per lb 8½c

Harris & Hess Grocery Co.

Corner 18th St. and Third Ave. : : Rock Island, Illinois

Four Trunk Line Telephones

FRENCH CABINET READY

M. Sarien Has Picked Men He Desires to Aid Him.

Paris, March 12.—Although no formal announcement has been made, the cabinet is, practically completed, as follows:

Premier and Minister of Justice—M. Sarien.
Interior—Clemenceau.
Foreign Affairs—Bourgeois.
War—Etienne.
Marine—Thompson.
Public Instruction and Worship—Briant.
Commerce—Domergue.
Public Works—Barthou.
Finance—Poincare.
Colonies—Leygues.
Agriculture—Ruan.

Judge's Dream Almost Tragic.

Ravenna, Ohio, March 12.—David L. Rockwell, probate judge of Portage county, plunged 25 feet through a window on a sloping roof in a dream last night. The judge, who has been trying

ing the Kanyon college initiation case, said he dreamed he was being tied to the rails and fought for his life.

URUGUAY NOT IN TROUBLE

Reports of Revolution Declared Without Foundation at Legation.

Washington, D. C., March 12.—Recent reports that Uruguay is in the throes of a revolution are without foundation, according to reports received at the Uruguayan legation and the state department. Senator Pedro Requena Bermudez, chargé d'affaires of Uruguay in Washington, states that such a movement could never be less justified than at the present time.

Indigestion is much of a habit. Don't get the habit. Take a little Kodol Dyspepsia Cure after eating and you will quit belching, puffing, palpating and frowning. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by all druggists.

CROSS AND NERVOUS

Rock Island Sufferers From Kidney Troubles Often Become Very Irritable.

Cross, irritable people—the kind who fuss and mope and worry over trifles are not always to blame for the annoyance they give others. Frequently these traits are but the effects of kidney poisons on brain and nerves. Uric acid that escapes the kidneys irritates nerve centers and vital organs—causes backache, rheumatic and neuralgic pains—keeps you languid, all tired out—leads to Bright's disease and diabetes. Stop the trouble in the beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills. "I will cure the kidneys and remove the cause of all these ills. Recommended by friends and neighbors in Rock Island."

Mrs. J. Anderson, of 1305 Thirty-eighth street, says: "I had steady aching through my kidneys and in my hips, especially after a hard day's

work, when my back hurt me so severely that it made me nervous and restless nights. There was too frequent action of the kidney secretions as a rule, very annoying and distressing. Doan's Kidney pills were recommended to me and I obtained a box. In a few days I began to improve and I continued the treatment until I was completely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

If you are troubled with piles and can't find a cure, try Witch Hazel Salve, but be sure you get that made by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. It is the original. If you have used Witch Hazel Salve without being relieved it is probable that you got hold of one of the many worthless counterfeits that are sold on the reputation of the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by all druggists.

MARCH SALE

They may all talk about their March sales and big discounts and big stocks, but we will **POSITIVELY GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY** on Furniture, Carpets, Rugs and Stoves. No matter what prices others may advertise

Our Price Is Lower

We Sell For Time or Cash

It will be **TO YOUR INTEREST TO CALL ON US**, as we are showing a much **LARGER** and **FINER STOCK** for this spring than ever before.

The old reliable Furniture, Carpet, Rug and Stove Store

CLEMAN & SALZMANN

CORNER SECOND AVENUE AND SIXTEENTH STREET, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.